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CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Last Dash of the Tennessee.

Down under the guns of Fort Morgan lay the Tennessee. She had been lightly rammed by the Monongahela, and although she had been struck possibly a hundred times by heavy projectiles mainly from the nine-inch broadside guns of the ships, she had suffered no material injury save for a few holes through the armor plate, which could easily be repaired by her own force. After careful inspection her officers reported her otherwise to be in perfect condition.

The Tennessee was a casemated broadside ironclad 200 feet long, with a beam of forty-eight feet. She was armed with six heavy Brooke rifles, 100 pounders each, mounted on an old iron river steamer, and round mounds, two in each broadside, one pivoted forward and one aft; her ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the fore and after pivots could be fought in either broadside. She was entirely a home production of the confederacy. The plating was carried in an unbroken slant from the bow to the stern, and bent back inward to the hull, the buckle angle so formed being filled with a solid wooden backing, which was a great protection against ramming. From the bows of the Tennessee a formidable iron spur projected below the water line. No wooden ship that floated could have survived a fairly delivered blow from that ram.

There were two or three fatal defects in her construction, however. Her engines were taken from an old iron river steamer and were woefully weak and inadequate; the method for closing her gun ports was faulty and the iron plating was made of iron rivets, which were liable to jam; but the most serious error of her designers had been in exposing the hull under the line of the armor, so that the open deck without protection of any sort. In spite of these things, however, she was without doubt the most formidable vessel afloat.

By the time her inspection had been completed and the few minor repairs necessitated by the action had been made, Farragut's fleet had reached the deep water

MEXICAN WAR HERO

CHRISTOPHER JARRETT PASSES AWAY AT AGE OF 75.

Distinguished for Bravery in Numerous Engagements—Union Soldier in the Civil War.

Christopher Jarrett, well known throughout the District, and with a long list of deeds of valor during the Mexican war, died at his home on the Harwood road Sunday evening, as a result of an attack of heart failure, superinduced by severe injuries received by Mr. Jarrett at the navy yard seven weeks ago. Funeral services will be held at the late residence of the deceased tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, and the remains will be removed to Baltimore for burial.

Mr. Jarrett was born in Baltimore seventy-five years ago, and while a young man enlisted in the navy, serving during the years from 1846 to 1849, through the war with Mexico. During the war he was in a detachment commanded by the late Gen. Edward F. Beale, who was then a lieutenant in the navy. Mr. Jarrett gained his greatest fame during the fight between the Mexican troops, under Gen. Andres Pico, and the Americans, under Gen. Stephen W. Kearney. General Kearney was endeavoring to reach San Diego, Cal., and four hundred men were engaged in the fight. Lower California, by the Mexican troops. He sent to the United States frigate Congress, commanded by Commodore Stockton, for aid. Commodore Stockton sent Lieutenant Beale with a detachment of soldiers and sailors, among whom was Jarrett. After several attacks to reach the port of San Diego, Kearney endeavored to surprise the Mexicans, but they had been made acquainted with his approach, and when his advance guard, consisting of a few men under Lieutenant Beale made their way about three hundred yards ahead of the main body, they were set upon by a much larger force, and the detachment was cut to pieces. Jarrett behaved with great gallantry during this engagement. He was hemmed in on all sides by Mexicans, but he drove his way through, killing four of his adversaries in getting away.

The American troops were forced to take refuge in a sugar mill, the vicinity of which they were for four days besieged. Commodore Stockton heard of their plight through a courier sent out by General Kearney, and he sent to their aid, driving away the Mexicans without a fight.

Became a Filibuster. After the Mexican war Jarrett distinguished himself as a member of the band of filibusters under William Walker. He was the confidential adviser of Walker during the campaigns in Nicaragua, but did not share the fate of his chief, who was executed by the Nicaraguan government. Jarrett's most widely known exploit while a Central American revolutionist was his duel with one of the members of Walker's command, John A. Sutter, who was known as an all-around bad man. The duel was fought with rifles and Jarrett killed his man at the first fire. The civil war broke Jarrett back to this country. He served with a District regiment of volunteers throughout the war, and at its close returned to this city and took up the work of his father, a butcher. About ten years ago Mr. Jarrett was severely injured by the collapse of a scaffold at St. Paul's church, and at that time it was supposed he would never recover, however, and was at work again in a short time. Seven weeks ago he was again caught by a broken scaffold, and his left arm and two ribs were broken. He was recovering from these injuries, but his heart became affected and on Sunday he died.

LENTEN LECTURE COURSE.

Churchman's League Provides for Series of Discourses. The Churchman's League of the District of Columbia has announced its ninth annual Lenten lecture course, which will be given this year in St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, 18th and Madison streets northwest. The subject for this course is "The Influence of the English Church on Anglo-Saxon Civilization," and distinguished speakers have been secured to discuss the several divisions of the subject. The lectures will be given Tuesday evenings in Lent, commencing March 3, with the exception of the fourth number in the course by Dr. Briggs, which will be delivered Monday evening, March 23. The following is the list of the course, with the names of the speakers: The Church as the Formative Influence of the English Nation, Rev. Thomas Riches, D. D., New York; The Church as the Educator of the People, Rev. W. A. Guerrier, D. D., of Sewanee, Tenn.; The Church as the Champion of the People's Rights, Rev. William M. Clark, Richmond, Va.; The Principles of National Churches, Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D. D., New York; The Church as the Basis of Liberty, Mr. Joseph Packard, Baltimore.

Table and Kitchen.

Some Facts About the Potatoes.

The commonest and in many respects the most important of our vegetable foods is the white potato. Like many other useful foods as little understood, and as badly treated in the hands of the philistine, it has been greatly underrated. All attempt to ostracize the potato has failed, and for three hundred years this tuber has continued to increase its popularity until now it is regarded one of the most important of our staple articles of diet.

The value of the potato as a foodstuff lies in its starch, and herein also lies its vulnerable point of attack from those who are its enemies. It is generally its worst foe, for by careless and wretched modes of cooking they are made what their enemies claim, "unfit for human food."

From the best authorities we have the statement that, owing to the high percentage of starch potatoes stand in the front rank of food plants that produce the greatest amount of food to the acre. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that they are a garden as well as a field plant, and may be successfully grown in the poor man's patch, makes them well worth consideration as a food.

The Composition of the Potato. Generally speaking, we divide the potato into two parts, the solid substance and the juice.

Every housewife can obtain a very simple, clear object lesson in her own home if she will but follow this explicit demonstration: Select a well-developed but not overgrown potato, wash it in fine sand and rather heavy for its size. With a sharp knife cut this across and closely examine the cut surface. She will notice three distinct layers, the outer skin, which contains a poisonous substance (solanine), which is destroyed in cooking in a well-conditioned potato. But if the presence of this poison in the water in which potatoes have been boiled that renders it unwholesome and useless for any culinary purpose. The second layer, which is the inner skin, is quite broad. This is the "fibro-vascular layer." In this band or zone is found the small amount of "pigment" which gives the potato its color, and it is this layer that is most objectionable to the palate. The third layer, which is the innermost, is the most valuable. This layer constitutes 84 per cent of the potato, and is composed of 74 per cent of the bulk, which is 80 per cent. While space does not permit of too much detail, it must be clearly understood that in the second or fibro-vascular layer we have considerably more protein and mineral matter than in the outer skin, and the potatoes are pared even so carefully and intelligently as we lose a large percentage of these valuable substances. And this also makes plain, why the potato is so much more valuable than the asparagus, which is so much more expensive.

When the flesh of the potato is submitted to sufficient pressure to separate the solid part and juice you have practically starch and water, the former being composed of starch granules, and the latter of water, nitrogenous matter, and salts. The juice is composed of water holding in solution nitrogenous matter and salts, and containing 85 per cent of the total amount of nitrogenous matter contained in the potato.

As a Tissue Builder.

While the potato is rated as a tissue builder, its value for this purpose must not be overestimated for the reason that in the nitrogenous matter present is not in the form of protein. Less than 50 per cent of the whole amount of the nitrogenous matter of the potato is contained in the protein, the remainder being present in the form of ammonia compounds and salts. The potato that is "waxy" when cooked is richer in protein, for the coagulated protein holds together. Young potatoes, which are noticeably more waxy and solid, as they contain more juice and less starch. The protein of the potato is a most valuable food. While potatoes are no more deserving of condemnation for their starch content, they must be avoided in certain diseased conditions on account of their aptness to undergo fermentation. The starch grains of the potato are especially large and seem less able to resist the attack of ferment than most other forms of starch, a fact possibly due to the small amount of starch cellulose it contains. The supply of starch in the potato is not lessened in cooking, although the former may be made indigestible by bad cooking, but there is great danger of their nitrogenous constituents and mineral salts being dissolved out, and potatoes are the chief source from which we obtain our supply of starch. The kind of water used for soaking or cooking potatoes does not make much difference in this respect; but to preserve the greatest possible amount of material during the process they must be either cooked in their skins or steamed. The question of their digestibility will be a subject for later consideration.

Riced Potatoes. Or as this dish may very appropriately be named, potato snow, is one of the best and simplest ways of serving potatoes when you do not wish them whole. Choose medium-sized potatoes of the hard, solid kind, or as they are better known, the "new" variety. Wash them well and steam them in their jackets until well done, but no longer. Then drain dry and peel quickly; press with not through a sieve or vegetable press, seasoning with salt and pepper and softened butter as you sieve them. Let them drop lightly into a heated dish placed where the potatoes will not get cold, and serve as soon as done.

Mashed Potatoes Browned in Oven. Old potatoes that are a little wilted will do nicely for this dish. Pare and cut up into small cubes and soak in cold water for an hour; then boil until they are tender but will not break, in slightly salted water. Drain and put them into a pudding dish, well buttered, and dredge them with a tablespoonful of flour. Break a tablespoonful of butter into bits and spread over them; season with salt and pepper and add a cup of warm milk. Cover and place in oven to bake, and uncover just long enough before they are done to brown them nicely.

Entree of Potato. Remove the inside from six baked potatoes; mash them with a little butter and season with salt, bread crumbs and chopped parsley. Beat up light with one egg. Have some oyster plant, turnips or asparagus tips prepared. Line egg-cups with the potato mixture, hollow out the center and fill with the creamed vegetable, cover with the potato mixture, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with cream sauce and garnish with parsley or water cress.

Stuffed With Sausage Meat. Select nice smooth potatoes of uniform size. Scrub the skins well, cut off the top and bottom, scoop out the center, stuff with sausage meat, stand in a dish and bake for about a half hour. The pieces that are scooped out may be used for soup or salad, or, in fact, for almost any other dish in the potato line.

Mixing Pie Crust. For all kinds of pie paste the materials must be kept perfectly cold and not handled, mixed lightly and baked in a hot oven. If you wish to make puff paste (for tarts), we advise you to take a lesson from the cookbooks, for as you will find it difficult to understand, even with the most explicit directions we can give, the exact process. One lesson will give you these points and intelligent practice will do the rest.

Plain Pie Crust. If you use lard for plain pie crust, use the following formula: Put a pound of flour into a bowl and mix in thoroughly a teaspoonful of salt. Chop in half a pound of cold fat, lard; cutting it into little flakes with a knife (keep your hands away from all pie paste). Add sufficient ice-cold water to make a paste that will roll out without too much pressure. Moisten the flour a little at a time, beginning at the side of the bowl and drawing it back out of the way when moist enough so as not to mix it with the next addition of water, as it must be put together as lightly and with as little mixing as possible. When all is mixed roll out on a floured board and roll out half an inch thick. Dust the paste with flour and put quarter of a pound of butter over it in small bits, roll it up lightly, so as to inclose the butter completely, and then roll out the paste, from one end, into a long thin sheet; then roll it up again; roll out as before and roll it out a way of four or five in a very cold place for an hour or two before making up the pies. If you work quickly, in a cool room, keeping the paste as cold as possible, you will find it easy for pastry-making freshly sifted to incorporate air into it; have firm, sweet butter and a cold oven that has been a strong under heat. This paste will be delicate, light and flaky and answer nicely for plain tarts.

Menus. WEDNESDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream. Cereal. Broiled Fennel Haddie. Creamed Potatoes. Wheat Cakes with Syrup. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Sweetbread Salad. Cream. Cereal.

Mainfully, but Not Seriously Hurt. Mrs. I. C. Easton of 687 East Capitol street, while hanging some lace curtains this morning felt and broke her ribs on the right side. A physician attended the sufferer and expressed the opinion that the patient will be all right in a week or ten days.

Admiral Buchanan and a machinist were one of the ports endeavoring to release a jammed shutter when a heavy shot from the Hartford struck the port and exploded, tore the gunner into bits, so that his remains were actually shovelled up and put in a bucket. A bit of iron was found in the wreckage. With a herculean effort the gunner was rescued, but he was so badly injured that he died. The admiral was so badly injured that he died. The admiral was so badly injured that he died.

The Hartford at the same time steamed away from the ram and made a circle to starboard in order to ram her again. As she completed the turn and bore down on the Tennessee, out of the smoke enshrouding the Hartford came the bow of the Tennessee, also endeavoring to ram a second time. At full speed she bore down upon the port quarter of the Hartford. There was a terrific sound of crashing timber heard even above the roar of the guns as the two ships came together. In the awful impact the Hartford was hurled over nearly on her beam ends and was cut down to within two feet of the water's edge. It was thought for a moment that the flagship was sinking.

The old admiral, with the agility of a boy, ran across the deck, leaped into the mizen chains and clambered down the sides to take in the extent of the damage. Finding that the Hartford would still float, he sprang back to the deck and repeated his former order that she should ram the Tennessee again.

As the Lackawanna struck the Hartford a cry had arisen all over the flagship which touched Farragut more than perhaps anything that ever happened in his career. "Save the admiral!" "Get the admiral out of the ship!" "Save the admiral!" rang out all over the Hartford.

No close were in no need of saving then. Shattered and battered though she was, the Hartford was still rapidly approaching the Tennessee, by this time reduced to a mere wreck. The ram had not discharged a single gun since she had fired into the Hartford at the moment of impact. Several of them had been disabled, and others had been put out of action by the jamming of the port shutters. The exposed rudder chains had been shot away by the Chickasaw, and the relieving tacks, with which an attempt had been made to steer the ship, had met the same fate.

The decks of the Tennessee were swept by a perfect storm of shot from a dozen ships. No one could have ventured out there to repair the rudder chains without meeting instant death. She could no longer be steered. She drifted on completely surrounded by the ships which were pouring in broadsides upon her with relentless accuracy, creating fury. Then the last misfortune overtook her. A shot from the Chickasaw

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Cheese Wafers. Parker House Rolls. Preserved Quince. Tea. Dinner. Lardered Chicken Liver. Braised Stewed Tomatoes. Corn Bread. String-bean Salad. Custard Pie. Coffee. Thursday. Breakfast. Oranges. Cream. Breaded Veal Cutlets. French Fried Potatoes. Corn Bread. Coffee. Luncheon. Cold Stewed Tongue. Creamed Potatoes. Steamed Brown Bread. Baked Apples. Cakes. Cream. Dinner. Cream of Celery Soup with Egg Balls. Stuffed Breast of Veal. Brown Gravy. Creamed Potatoes. Stewed Onions. Celery Salad. Wafers. Butter Pudding with Wine Sauce. Coffee. Friday. Breakfast. Cream. Tartare Sauce. Fried Smelts. Hashed brown potatoes. Popovers. Coffee. Luncheon. Salmon Cutlets with tomato sauce. Cold Salad. Creamed potatoes. Baking-powder biscuit. Honey. Cocoa. Dinner. Vegetable soup. Baked whitefish with Bearnaise sauce. Frenched potatoes with parsley. Cucumber salad. Wafers. Prune whip with lemon sauce. Coffee. Saturday. Breakfast. Fruit. Cream. Cereal. Creamed dried beef. Raised biscuit. Coffee. Luncheon. Sardine salad with wafers. Bread and butter sandwiches. Gingerbread. Cocoa. Dinner. Bouillon in cups. Lots of pork with apple sauce. Creamed cabbage. Sweet potatoes. Beef salad. Cranberry roll with hard sauce. Coffee.

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Policeman's Memory Was Good. When arraigned in Judge Scott's court this morning on a charge of disorderly conduct, Benjamin Carroll said he had no recollection of what occurred last night. "If the policeman's memory is defective," he was told, "you're all right."

Industries of United States. Arrangements have been made for a lecture by Mr. O. P. Austin tomorrow afternoon, before the National Geographic Society on the "Industries of the United States." The lecture will be given in the lecture hall of the society, and will be given by the society Wednesday afternoons.

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or the Manhattan carried away her raked and battered smokesack. It broke short off just below the casemate, and the smoke poured into the casemate, nearly suffocating the men; the temperature, over 100 degrees at best, rose to over 120. Minus her stack, her fires went down, and the wooden sides of the ship began to drive the enemy. She rolled like a helpless log in the water. She could neither steer nor steer nor fire. It was not until the smoke cleared that the admiral saw the ship. Several of her men had been killed outright and many wounded. The Ossipee, running at full speed, was almost upon her. The Hartford was bearing down on her. The Little Kennebec was gallantly dashing at her. The monitors were closing in. They were making an awful, chopping block of her.

Everything exposed had been shot away long since, including the flagstaff. Farragut's tactics had prevailed. He had shot her down. With a herculean effort she had been able to escape, but she was so badly injured that she could not fight. She had been captured. She had been captured. She had been captured.

One by one, as the Union ships saw the black, smoke-grimed, powder-stained figure waving the white flag on the top of the ram they ceased their fire and drew off. The Ossipee, however, had too much to say to stop. Though her engines were reversed and her helm shifted, she struck the ram a slight blow after she had surrendered. The last effort of the confederates was over. For one long hour the great Tennessee had heroically fought the whole mighty Union fleet—and in vain.

And this is the general order to the fleet which the splendid old admiral published the next morning:

United States Flagship Hartford. Mobile Bay, Aug. 6, 1864. The admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight of yesterday.

It has never been his good fortune to see men do their duty with more courage and cheerfulness, for, although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means to destroy them, they were not deterred by the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the Tennessee by a torpedo and the slaughter of their friends, messmates and gunmates on our decks; still there were no evidences of hesitation in following their commander-in-chief through the fire of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing, except from the exaggerations of the enemy, who had given out that we should all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter.

For this noble and implicit confidence in their leader he heartily thanks them.

Read Admiral Commanding W. G. B. Squadron.

(To be continued tomorrow.)